

The TATLER

Vol. GLXXI. No. 2221

and **BYSTANDER**

London
January 19, 1944



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
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Vol. CLXXI. No. 2221

LONDON

JANUARY 19, 1944

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., in command of R.A.F. Forces in the Middle East since November, 1942, was recently appointed Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Coastal Command, in place of Sir John Slessor, who becomes Air C.-in-C. Mediterranean Allied Air Forces under General Eisenhower. Air Chief Marshal Douglas is perhaps best known for his work as A.O.C.-in-C. of R.A.F. Fighter Command, to which post he succeeded Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding in 1940. He took over the R.A.F. Middle East Command at a time when the Allied Air Forces, in co-operation with the Army, were driving the enemy out of Cyrenaica and Tripolitania. In March last year he paid a private visit to Ankara, and while there was received by President İnönü, and visited the Chief of the Turkish General Staff and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and National Defence. Air Marshal Douglas served in the last war and commanded Nos. 43 and 84 Fighter Squadrons, and it is interesting to note that the 84th Squadron was equipped with the famous S.E. Scouts (Fighters), which eventually gave Britain the domination of the skies. He was three times decorated and mentioned in dispatches.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Totality

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's message to Congress not only set a new note for the America of 1944 but undoubtedly is destined to be the first plank in his platform for Presidential election. The message must have been completely unlike anything the Americans expected from their President at this climax in the war. Mr. Roosevelt demanded the passing of a National Service Act for the United States, and bitterly attacked those Americans who have not played their part in the war, and others who are said to be slacking off because they think the worst part is over.

According to the President's demand nothing but the total mobilization of all the resources in manpower and capital of the United States will guarantee an early victory and reduce the toll of suffering, sorrow and blood. This is a different appeal than any Presidential opponent of Mr. Roosevelt is likely to reproduce. Recognizing that the present occupant of the White House is probably the ablest politician in the United States we can appreciate his psychological approach to the immediate future.

Production

APART from the political implications in the message, President Roosevelt was able to produce interesting facts in support of his demand for total mobilization. In June and July of 1942 he declared that there was a falling off in production. Over a thousand more aeroplanes could have been produced in those two months if people had not started to think and to say "the war's in the bag—so let's relax." Which war? President Roosevelt cannot afford to differentiate. The war in Europe may appear to be going well, very well. But there's the war in the Pacific, and for this there must be a continuous effort from the people of the United States, for it promises to be a more arduous and

more difficult, and probably a longer war than the one in Europe.

It is President Roosevelt's responsibility to maintain a continuous effort in the United States, and this is going to be no easy matter. If the war in Europe should end suddenly this year there is the prospect of a break in the continuity of effort in the United States and other countries. The people will want to relax in the same way as will the people of this country. It will require considerable strength of leadership from both the President and our Prime Minister to refuse pleas for partial demobilization from Service men who have done their share and to turn the attention of the people of both countries to the Far East. President Roosevelt's message to Congress demanding total mobilization in America's third year of war shows that he is already facing this problem.

Experience

THOSE who know, say that Mr. Churchill is not the fire-eater in secret negotiations that his reputation in public debate and the background of his career would suggest. He has admitted lately to friends that his experience in these latter years—meaning the years which have bestowed on him greater responsibility than ever befell any other Englishman—have taught him that patience is, indeed, a virtue, but that also silence can be golden. In developing this theme, however, Mr. Churchill did not deter those young men who listened to him. He urged them to greater enthusiasm, even to ebullience. They were the assets of youth which produced experience and eventually led to the possession of wisdom.

Reward

ONE of the problems which must be settled by Mr. Churchill very soon is the scope of the

award of the 1939-43 Star. There is naturally a lot of feeling in this country that those who helped to defend Britain in the days of the big battle which, when all is said and done, decided the fate of Hitler and saved the world, are not recognized in the recently issued proclamation. What can the authorities have been thinking of to forget the A.A. gunners who remained at their stations day after day, and the searchlight crews, as well as those who guarded our coasts? I agree that it is difficult to define the degree of merit in all these cases, and to ensure that the award retains its full value. But there is the case of the Civil Defence workers and the fire fighters, as well as the Home Guard. All have done their part and should be recognized. If the 1939-43 Star is not applicable, then some other award should be granted.

Revenge

THE Germans have sought satisfaction in the trial and execution of those members of the former Fascist Grand Council who brought about Mussolini's downfall from power and their loss of an ally. Naturally all the lime-light, as in life, has been focused on Count Galeazzo Ciano, who has rightly been described as the play-boy of Italian politics. Rarely in modern times has there ever been such an example of nepotism by which Mussolini raised his son-in-law from the enjoyments of the bar lounge to position and power as Italy's leading diplomat. True, Mussolini was the man who pulled all the strings until the young Ciano finally refused the ventriloquist's role.

Ciano never hid his hate for the Germans, which maturer experience eventually taught him. From the days when his early visits to Berlin were made in a blaze of pomp, he came to realize the emptiness of it all and the real role of his country. But this did not stop him from indulging in every form of graft and corruption. He enriched himself in every way and indulged in all forms of luxury. Fate however, has now caught up with him. Not even his wife, Edda Ciano, nor his father-in-law appears to have done much to save him. The Germans wanted revenge, and they have got it.

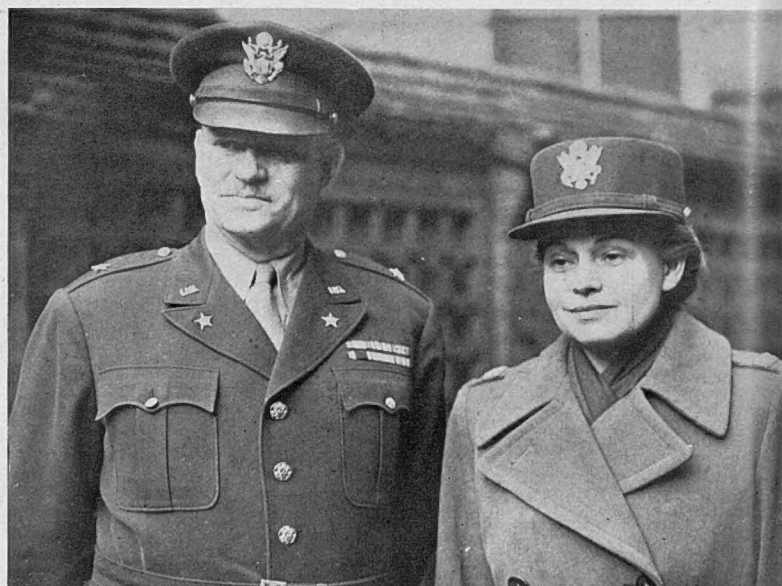
Gesture

THE Russians have made a gesture to the Polish Government in London and offered to discuss with them the delineation of new



Officers of H.M.S. Norfolk

Above are Capt. Donald Keppel Bain, D.S.O., and Lieut. M. P. Pollock, of H.M.S. Norfolk, on their return to a British port after the sinking of the Scharnhorst. The Norfolk was the first ship to sight the German battleship, the first to open fire and the first to be hit



Distinguished Americans in London

Brigadier-General David G. Barr, Deputy Chief of Staff U.S. Army Eastern Theatre of Operations, was photographed with Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, Director of the Women's Army Corps. She has come to this country to inspect installations of the W.A.C., members of which are serving also in Italy, Sicily, North Africa, and India

Ahead

To the many inventions known to the public, and many which are yet unknown, Group Captain Frank Whittle has added the jet-propelled aeroplane to give the Allies in the near future faster fighter machines able to fly at higher altitudes. What this further British invention, which is shared with the United States, will mean in terms of commercial aviation after the war is not yet determined. But there is no doubt that its development, as in radiolocation, just to mention another British invention, puts the Allies many leaps ahead of the Germans. Group Captain Whittle is a quiet-spoken, slightly built, modest man of thirty-six, who appears to have been appalled by the publicity to which he has been subject. Apparently he conceived the idea of jet propulsion when he was told to write a science thesis on the Future Development of Aircraft at Cranwell R.A.F. College, fourteen years ago.

British Generals: Serious and Amused

Here is Lieut.-Gen. J. A. H. Gammell, former G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, now Chief of Staff in the Mediterranean Area, photographed when visiting U.S. Army H.Q. in London

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Bt., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Gen. Montgomery's successor as Commander of the Eighth Army, was in a cheerful mood when leaving Algiers airport to take up his new command

frontiers on the basis of the Curzon Line. In their declaration the Russians have protested their desire for friendship with a strong and independent Poland. Naturally this declaration contained, as was to be expected, an attack on the Polish Government in London for its past policy. It is to be hoped that Polish Ministers will rise to the demands of statesmanship and overlook this criticism. If they do not, all the prospects of a settlement may disappear. When all is said and done, the Russians have had to tolerate a lot of criticism from propagandising Poles in London.

The Russian declaration seems to be further fulfilment of their new policy, which started its course with the conference in Moscow between the British and American Foreign Ministers, and was continued at Teheran with Marshal Stalin meeting President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. The question is often asked why have the Russians changed? The answer given to me by a student of Russia is this: "The Russians haven't changed, but their fortunes have. They have regained their confidence and thrown aside many of their suspicions,

because the war is going in their favour."

Problem

THE Polish Government is faced with a great problem, which may seem easy to those who merely study the Russian declaration. Unfortunately Poles are romantic people and they are inclined to mix their politics with romanticism. Often they prefer to chase the shadow and lose the substance. Even after the lessons they have had they may still run this risk. Acceptance of the Curzon Line will mean yielding to the Russians more than a third of the territory covered by their country in 1938. Many Poles in this country belong to these territories which the Russians occupy, and they feel bitter about the prospect facing them. Not even compensation by way of the addition of East Prussia and Silesia is likely to eradicate these personal feelings among individual Poles. But Ministers have much broader principles to examine, and reject or accept, and it is to be hoped that it is in this spirit that they will endeavour to approach the Russian offer.

**Polish C.-in-C. in the Middle East**

Air Cdre. Whitney Straight, Commander of the Mediterranean group of R.A.F. Transport Command, was with Gen. Sosnowski, C.-in-C. Polish Armed Forces, about to board an R.A.F. Transport aircraft somewhere in the Middle East

**First Line Visit in Italy**

Four air chiefs recently visited a first line fighter wing in Italy. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, now Deputy Supreme Commander under Gen. Eisenhower; Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of Air Staff; Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham and (back to camera) Air Vice-Marshal H. Broadhurst were talking on their arrival

**South-west Pacific Military Mission**

Brigadier H. Bartlett (centre) and W/Cdr. F. W. P. Dixon (right), two members of the British Military Mission to the South-west Pacific, are seen here in conference with Major-Gen. R. H. Dewing, who is G.O.C. the United Kingdom Air Liaison Staff in Australia

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Horrid Suspicion

By James Agate

IN Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's new and exquisite extravaganza, fantasia, rhapsody, symphonic poem—entitled *Splendours and Miseries*—occurs a passage which I venture to think could be adapted to the film "musical." Mr. Sitwell is writing about Madeleine Smith who, in 1857, was tried for murdering her paramour by giving him arsenic, her motive being to enable herself to turn respectable and marry a Mr. Minnoch. The verdict was the Scotch one of non-proven, which means that half the jury thought she did it and the other half thought she didn't. All sorts of fantastic theories were advanced at the time, and of these Mr. Sitwell makes a list. The first is the Maybrick defence, that L'Angelier (the lover) died as the result of a long course of arsenic self-administered. The second, that his passion for Madeleine was such that he drank the cocoa which his mistress handed to him knowing it was poisoned. Third, that he dropped arsenic into the cocoa without Madeleine knowing it. Whatever the fact, Madeleine got away with it and, five years later, married a Mr. Wardell, a designer employed by William Morris. She was often drawn by Rossetti as the Magdalene, and had the pleasure, we are told, of listening at her own dinner-table some thirty years later to a discussion on the Maybrick case. Madeleine retired to Leek in Staffordshire, went to the United States, and in 1914 married an American, who appears to have left her poorly off. Anyhow, she thought of going into pictures, a suggestion which I have no doubt Hollywood would have accepted had she still been young and pretty. She died in 1927 at the age of ninety-two, saying nothing to nobody, and thus rivalling in secrecy the famous

American non-provenite, Mary Borden. For myself I have always thought that the interest of the case has been exaggerated, and brought about through the fact that she is the only murderess who has come down to posterity wearing a sailor hat.

MR. SITWELL states that Madeleine becomes an obsession with all who read about her. I understand this obsession; I myself have never stopped thinking about the Wallace case and trying to make the scale come down on one side or the other. But our memorialist goes further; he pretends that Madeleine haunts any music heard "during that time," and that that music will suggest her strange history for ever. Mr. Sitwell means, of course, not the music of 1857, at which date he was not born, but the music he was hearing at the time of his first introduction to the case. Personally I should hate to think that the publication of Madeleine's crime in the Famous Trial Series coincided with my first hearing of *Rosenkavalier*. Or that I must for ever associate the Marschallin with a dubious little creature wearing a straw boater. However this may be, Mr. Sitwell writes:

Madeleine Smith is for ever associated in my mind with the Liebeslieder, Waltzer of Brahms which, as far as my imagination is concerned, she may be said to haunt. In the same fashion, the exquisitely graceful and lovely piano Quartet in G minor, K. 478, of Mozart, was spoiled for me, when I most loved it, by Hitler's murder of Roehm and his friends on the dreadful 30 June, 1934. In different vein, Chopin's Mazurka in C sharp minor, No. 3, played in incredible and supernatural nuance of touch by Horowitz, makes me think of the Talking Mongoose of Cashen's

Gap. Most lovers of music will have known similar sensations.

AND now comes my point. What of today, when Hitler is murdering more Poles than ever before and when that little rat Goebbels is chattering away faster than the most accomplished mongoose—are these dreadful things to be forever associated in our minds with the theme songs of *The Girls He Left Behind* (Gaumont, Haymarket and Pavilion, Marble Arch, beginning 23 January) and the strains of Benny Goodman's band? The next few months are to see the launching of the greatest invasion force in history. Are we to associate this with Alice Faye crooning:

A journey to a star
Will not be very far
As long as I'm alone with you.

Or the departure of the greatest army ever sent overseas with the same young woman wailing:

No love, no nuthin',
Till ma baby comes home.

Yes, and the B.B.C. will make sure that we do by dinning these lamentable ditties into us night after night. What? During the invasion? Yes. During the invasion.

THE plot? All about an army sergeant torn between two girls, his home-town mousey-pousey—Walkley's term—and a back-stage roguey-poguey. The conversation between the American sergeant and the roguey-poguey goes something like this:—

R.-P. Say, you wanna hear me sing sometime, dontcher?

A.S. Yeah.

R.-P. Could be.

A.S. Start in, sister.

R.-P. All right, soldier, you win.

Of Alice Faye's talent and charm I do not pretend to be a judge. There are some who put her above Betty Grable, some who put her below; I join neither school of thought. On behalf of James Ellison who plays the sergeant, I resent Hollywood's habit of presenting the typical American as a fifty-fifty per cent combination of bounce and cretinism. Carmen Miranda is becoming more and more like Mickey Rooney, and the best performance, as usual, is given by the unstarred Charlotte Greenwood, who, as a legitimate actress, makes nonsense of these screen pretenders.

IT now remains to be said that the picture, which is in Technicolor, is the acme of the sumptuous and the apex of the grandiose. There is a garden-party in a setting which suggests that at any moment Norma Shearer herself is going to appear as Juliet. There is a sequence in which a number of giant bananas take on the quality of so many Platonic ideas. There is a finale in which the heads of all the principals are intended to swim about in a ruby deliquescence like that of the best American sunsets. Actually they only look like the plaster casts of heads guillotine-severed under Robespierre, and reposing on red velvet. Fortunately the Terror lasts a comparatively short time—not more than an hour and three-quarters from start to finish. And pray what is all this expense of effort about? It is about that sheer pointless inanity which is less than nothing. It is strange, said Chesterton, that an age with nothing to say should have invented the loud-speaker. In my view it is equally strange that the age which has invented Technicolor should have nothing to paint.

WHAT the foregoing amounts to is that Tom, Dick and Harry, together with their girls, will vote this "musical" first-class. I have a suspicion that I enjoyed bits of it myself. In a sneaking, shame-faced sort of way.



Margaret Lockwood and her Daughter on Location

Margaret Lockwood, in private life the wife of Rupert de Leon who is at present serving in Madagascar, was voted the most popular British film actress in the 1943 Motion Picture Herald Ballot. She has been working down at St. Just, in Cornwall, on "Love Story," Gainsborough's latest production, and while there had her three-year-old daughter, Margaret, with her. The two Margarets found a basket-chair donkey-cart ideal for driving round the countryside. Tom Walls, plus beard, who is also in the cast of "Love Story," can be seen in the background



Star of the smart New Yorker Club is Dorita (Carmen Miranda). In her supporting chorus is a newcomer with a beautiful voice, Eadie (Alice Faye)

"The Girls He Left Behind"

The Latest Carmen Miranda Picture

Showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion as from next Sunday, *The Girls He Left Behind* is a rollicking, cheerful, Technicolor film which cannot fail to please Miranda fans. An excellent cast which includes Alice Faye, Phil Baker, Eugene Pallette, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton has the support of Benny Goodman and his Orchestra and dancer Tony de Marco. Lyrics and music are contributed by Leo Robin and Harry Warren



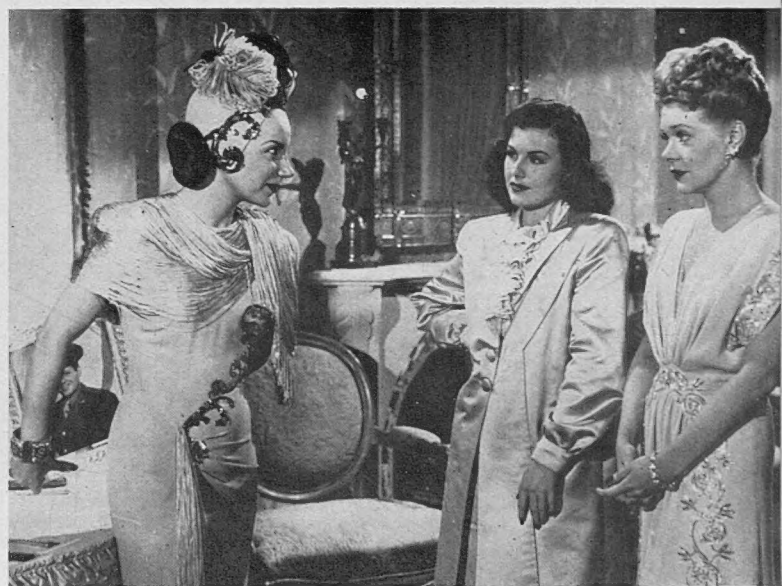
When Andy returns from war service he finds that his fiancée, Vivian Potter (Sheila Ryan), has not been told of his wish to break the engagement. She has, however, taken up dancing and has decided she would rather go to Broadway as Tony de Marco's partner than marry Andy



Posing as Sergeant Casey, Sergeant Andrew Mason (James Ellison), son of a wealthy stockbroker, makes love to Eadie and as his sweetheart she says good-bye to him when he reports for foreign duty



What Eadie does not know is that Andrew is already engaged. Andrew leaves it to his father (Eugene Pallette) to break the news to his partner (Edward Everett Horton) and his wife (Charlotte Greenwood) that Andy wishes to break his engagement to their daughter



In spite of the fact that Vivian learns that Andy has all the time been in love with Eadie it all ends happily thanks to the intervention of Dorita, and Vivian and Eadie become firm friends. (Carmen Miranda, Sheila Ryan, Alice Faye)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell



The Mock Turtle entertains Alice and the Gryphon (Peter Diminuates, Roma Beaumont, Eugene Leahy)



Alice, the March Hare (Roy Ellet) and the Dormouse (Petrena Lowthian) have tea with the Mad Hatter (Sidney Young)



Sketches by Tom Titt

Alice is surrounded by the strange inhabitants of Wonderland. On the left is the White Rabbit (Julian Somers)

Alice in Wonderland (Scala)

BOTH Alice of Wonderland, and Peter of the Never-Never-Neverland rank as national nursery heroes, but have little else in common. For whereas Peter, who refuses to grow up, is an arrant sentimentalist and shuns facts, Alice is an avid realist, only too ready to adapt her size and senses to the awkward circumstances in which she finds herself placed. For instance, when she meets a distracted White Rabbit hurrying to a Duchess's party, swims with a Mouse in a pool of her own tears, or catechizes an opinionated Cat who dissolves into a grin, it is not so much the propriety as the probability of the thing that interests her. She is an eminent Victorian to whom facts are facts.

If legible texts of these strange eventful histories should survive to tease remote posterity, scholars of the future may have considerable fun with them. Imagine the problems they may tackle, the comparisons they may make, and the contrasts they may define between Alice the matter-of-fact, and Peter the Chronophobe, even citing them as throwing pertinent light on the racial differences and characteristics of those two extinct species, the English and the Scots.

At the Christmas Eve premiere of *Alice*, an eminent colleague asked me at what age her adventures were most keenly appreciated. I suggested Edwardian childhood, he said

current middle-age. The audience seemed to support him. My own most conveniently observable neighbours were two self-possessed female infants, lap-sitters, sedate and serious. Their interest in the doings on the stage, while polite, lacked the glow of bemused rapture which transfigured the maturer faces of their guardians. Moreover, it was apt to lapse at times into social interest in each other.

For best part of one scene, indeed, the infant lady on a lap just in front of me, shifted her stage-commanding position to kneel and, with the aplomb of an old first-nighter, stare curiously at me. The impulsive wink I returned was not resented, but did recall her attention to the stage. And while she seemed less puzzled than slightly bored, she was not rapt, as were her elders, into imaginative connivance with the dramatist, nor enchanted by Wonderland's pert, peculiar fauna.

FOR me, Miss Clemence Dane's unaffected dramatization of the two *Alice* classics had a Tenniel, rather than a Carroll, interest. It opened pleasantly with a picturesque prologue—"A Boat Beneath a Sunny Sky"—and other attractions were the excellently contrived masks and accoutrements of the zoological characters, and the admirably clear and sustained impersonation of Alice by Miss Roma Beaumont.

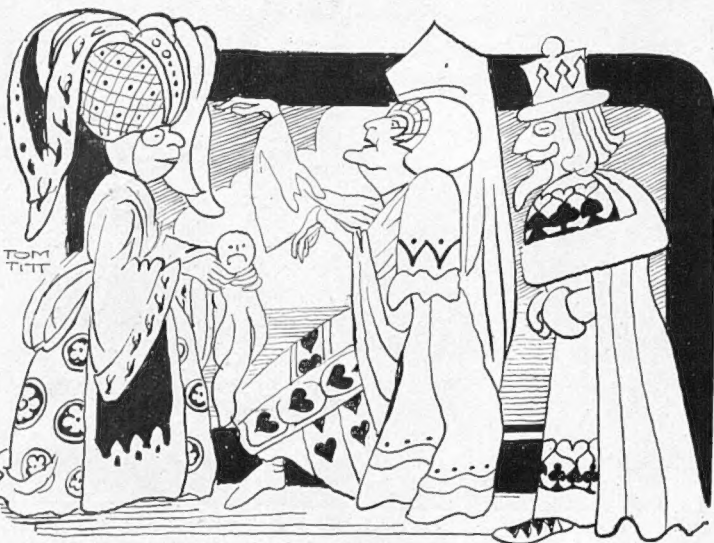
The pictorial features of the books were there—Tenniel's woodcut technique was faithfully suggested. The dialogue, if cryptic and at times not too audible, was authentic, and the little panels that succeeded one another in the general background frame, like slides in a magic lantern, were augmented by pieces of three-dimensional scenery. Yet somehow the Wonderland atmosphere and its illusion were not very fully re-created.

Such triumphantly inconsequent texts as Carroll's could hardly be blamed for not furnishing this play's lack of narrative continuity,

cumulative interest, and dramatic tension. Their absence is part of the books' distinction, and a challenge to the reader's imagination. Mr. Richard Adinsell's music to the songs supplied a pleasing obbligato to the action, and did much to warm the production; but the masks tended to muffle both singing and speech.

THE company performed their exacting tasks with devotion. The whole thing had the quality of a labour of love, from the excellent costumes to the self-sacrificing stars, whose usual light was eclipsed by the masks and fantastic accoutrements of the Wonderland fauna they vivified and articulated.

Dame Sybil Thorndike's White Queen evidently enjoyed her aerial flights on a wire as much as we did. Mr. Geoffrey Dunn's nice musical sense and singing voice were not wasted on the White Knight. A delightful snap of comedy by Miss Zena Dare established the inconsequent Red Queen in our amused good graces. These and similar heroic metamorphoses were examples of devotion to difficult duty. While sheer ingenuity scored high, the promise of the pretty prologue was only intermittently redeemed; and Magic, it seemed to me, looked in and out reminiscently, rather than consistently collaborated.



The Duchess (Phyllis Morris) is greeted by the Queen of Hearts (Sybil Thorndike) and the King of Hearts (Franklyn Dyall)



Alice meets the Red Queen through the Looking Glass (Zena Dare, Roma Beaumont)



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Michael Redgrave and Lynn Rachel

Mrs. Michael Redgrave is the wife of the well-known actor and producer. She is the only daughter of Mr. E. W. E. Kempson, until recently headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and is herself well known on the stage as Rachel Kempson. Lynn is the youngest of the Michael Redgrave family. She has a sister, Vanessa, and a brother, Corin William. Both Rachel Kempson and Michael Redgrave will be seen in London shortly in *Uncle Harry*, a play by Thomas Job, which opens at Oxford next week prior to West End production. Playing opposite Michael Redgrave in the leading role will be Beatrix Lehmann

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Passing Out

IT must have been a proud moment for H.R.H. the Princess Royal when she saw her younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, in the ranks of the successful cadets when she inspected the passing-out parade of an O.C.T.U. "somewhere in England." Her elder son, Viscount Lascelles, has been serving as an officer with the Brigade for nearly two years. He passed through his O.C.T.U. with flying colours, much to the delight of his father, Lord Harewood, who, I believe, had insisted that his son should be treated on exactly the

same footing as any other candidate for a commission, without special consideration or privilege of any kind.

Lord Lascelles celebrates his twenty-first birthday on the seventh of next month, and is the first of King George V.'s grandchildren to come of age. He is the senior member of the rising generation of the Royal Family, though neither he nor any children he may have inherit any Royal title or prefix, in accordance with the rule made by his grandfather.

Like Lord Harewood, both the Lascelles brothers are Old Etonians, and they have



The Princess Royal Takes the Salute

The Princess Royal, accompanied by the Earl of Harewood, took the salute at a passing-out parade of an O.C.T.U. Their younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, was in the leading platoon when the units marched past after the inspection. He is seen above with his parents



Miss Marian Gerth served sherry to Mme. Phang for the Aid to China Fund, at the United Charities Fair, which took place at Grosvenor House on Twelfth Night

established an imperishable place for themselves in the minor history of the College by becoming newspaper owners, editors, and very successful racing tipsters while still at school. The paper they founded was known as the *Harewood Chronicle*, and many famous figures in the racing world were among its regular readers, so excellent was much of the Turf information which the brothers supplied.

Wounded Soldier

ONE of our badly wounded soldiers now fortunately well on the way to recovery is Capt. the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, only son of Lady Patricia and Sir Alexander Ramsay. After serving with distinction in the earlier part of the African campaign, Capt. Ramsay was badly wounded by a German shell and had to have a major operation on his leg. He is still walking on crutches, and recently spent some time convalescing as the guest of Their Majesties in the country. Tall, fair-haired and good-looking, Capt. Ramsay has much of the charm that made his mother so widely beloved and popular in the days when she was known as Princess "Pat," and many of the senior Canadian Army officers now in this country who have met her son have told Capt. Ramsay of the happy memories they have of the days his mother spent in Canada during the time when the late Duke of Connaught was Governor-General.

Children's Party

OFFICERS' children and their friends had a wonderful time at the fancy-dress party held recently at the Officers' Club of a northern garrison. Although there were no balloons or crackers, there were plenty of other attractions. There was a lovely Christmas-tree, decorated and illuminated, and a regimental band which played "Sir Roger de Coverley" in the real old-fashioned way to end the party; there was a conjurer, a ventriloquist, a wonderful tea, and a paper hat for every child; it was all wonderfully gay and happy. The party was organised by Mrs. Bowman, wife of Brig. Bowman, with a very helpful committee which included Brig. Pollard's tall, good-looking wife and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh. Mrs. Dearbergh has done a great deal of good work for the War Savings movement in the district, and it was her good idea that all the prizes for fancy dress and games should be given in War Savings.

People and Prize-Winners

LADY SWINTON brought her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Cunliffe Lister, and her two small grandsons. The younger boy won second prize in his Home Guard uniform, a very smart battledress in miniature, with all accessories perfect. Their father, the Hon. John Cunliffe Lister (Lord and Lady Swinton's elder

(Continued on page 74)



The "Hobby Horse," one of the first bicycles, ridden by the late Duke of Argyll as early as 1810, was brought to the Fair. Pte. Samuel Ireland of Mississippi was interested in it



Others chose dog-carts and pony-chaises of the pre-1914 period, and one lady arrived on horseback. All types of bicycles completed the picture



En route for the United Charities Fair, Miss Victoria Maitland, the blind singer, was helped into a hansom cab by a London policeman

Old-Time Transport

Was Used by Many Who Went to the United Charities Twelfth Night Fair at Grosvenor House

The United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House was opened by the Duchess of Marlborough, and one of the features was the cutting of the famous Baddeley cake. The bequest of the eighteenth-century actor, Robert Baddeley, of £100, still provides cake and wine annually on Twelfth Night for Drury Lane actors. This year's cake, made by his descendant, Angela Baddeley, and her children, was cut at the Fair



Two Eighth Army men, collecting cigarettes for their comrades in Italy, received a contribution from Miss Sushila Runganadhan, daughter of the High Commissioner for India



Miss Betty Stockfield with her dog (who plays with her at Princes Theatre in "Halfway to Heaven") was helping at one of the stalls



The Baddeley cake was cut by Angela Baddeley (Mrs. G. Byam Shaw) and her daughter, Juliet, while the Duchess of Marlborough looked on



The Countess of Midleton was officiating at another stall at the United Charities Fair, and seen with her is Lady Hamond-Graeme



Three helpers doing business at the Royal Free Hospital Stall were Lady Emmott, Mrs. Kelsey and Mrs. Childs Tubbs, and their wares included good cigars

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

son), was killed in action in the Middle East. Another small prize-winner was Angela Willis, who was dressed as a shepherdess. Her father is a prisoner of war in Italy, and Angela came with her aunt, as her mother is working in a Government office and was not able to get the time off to see her daughter receive her prize. Another little girl who looked very sweet was Selby, Major and Mrs. Geoff Phipps Hornby's younger daughter. Mrs. Phipps Hornby's brother, Major Dermot Daly, is in the Scots Guards, and he has been lucky enough to escape from his prison of war in Italy and is now safely home in England. Mrs. Mouseley, sister of Sir Richard Pease, brought her two younger children, who looked very gay in their fancy dress. One of the most interesting features of this very excellent party was the almost complete absence of nannies. There were only two—a small number when one thinks how many there would have been at a



A Dinner-Party of Eight in London

Swaebe

Occupying a long table at the recently reopened Ciro's Club were Lt. T. Pickett, U.S. Army, Miss Hannah Murphy, the Countess of Warwick and Lt. Peter Laing; and opposite them, Lt. Robert Morrow, the Hon. Mrs. Rodney, the Earl of Warwick and Miss Enid Paget



At an Allied Reception

Major-Gen. R. E. Laycock, Chief of Combined Operations, and his wife went to a reception for Allied and Dominion officers, given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League

party like this a few years ago. It showed how many young mothers are looking after their own children these days, and what a very good job they are making of it, too.

Gay Times

THREE joint-hostesses, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor, Lady Elizabeth Clyde and Mrs. Mercer-Nairn, were responsible for a very good

party held in the Hon. William Astor's Upper Grosvenor Street house. Most of our best-looking young marrieds were there, dancing to the excellent strains of the Life Guards band. There were quite a lot of real evening-dresses to be seen and some lovely dinner-dresses. Even dinner-jackets were brought out of moth-balls for the occasion, and many of the male guests, on seven days' leave, discarded uniform in their favour.

Major Clyde and Capt. Astor helped their wives to entertain their guests, but, unfortunately, Mrs. Mercer-Nairn's husband was in hospital with pneumonia, to the great sorrow of everyone. Major-Gen. Robert Laycock, newly appointed Chief of Combined Operations, brought his very attractive wife, Angela, who is the younger daughter of the Marquise de Casa Maury and sister of film actress Penelope Dudley Ward. Another hero of daring Commando raids, who was with his pretty, fair-haired wife, was Brigadier Lord Lovat. Lord Willoughby de Broke came up from Warwickshire, where he had been spending his leave with his wife and two small children: another from Warwickshire was Colonel Tony Pepys, who was badly wounded while serving with his regiment in the Middle East, but is now happily recovered enough to be back on the active list, and, I believe, has just got command of a regiment in this country.

Among the Merry-makers

EVERYONE was delighted to see Major Dermot Daly and his wife; he always enjoys a party, and especially now after being a prisoner of war for two years. Others were Lord Stavordale and his tall, dark wife; Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and her sister, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, who are Sir Humphrey de Trafford's daughters; Major Peter Herbert and his wife; Lady Mary Dunn, very sweet and elfin-like; Major the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Dillon; Major Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head; the Earl and Countess of Lewes; Capt. Jackie Astor; General Evelyn Fanshawe, who did not on this occasion arrive by bicycle, although this is his most usual form of transport getting around London; the Countess of Rosse, who had come down from her Yorkshire home; the Hon. Sarah Norton; Capt. and Mrs. Bernard van Cutsem, the latter looking lovely in white; Major and Mrs. Peter Williams and her two sisters, Mrs. Portman and Mrs. Roberts, still remembered as the three lovely Charles sisters; Major Jack Dennis and his blonde wife; Lord and Lady Manton; Capt. Philip Profumo; and Major and Mrs. Jack Ward.

Round and About

LORD and Lady Allendale are not often seen in London these days, for their home in the capital was badly blitzed, but I did see them

(Concluded on page 88)



W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato was dining with Miss Vera Scott when this picture was taken at the Mirabell



Six People Dining at the Mirabell Recently

Major Lord Glenarthur and Lady Glenarthur were two more enjoying an evening out recently in London



Major E. Stocks and Mrs. Charles Mills were at another table. They both come from Norfolk

Swaebe

Family Album



Marcus Adams



Bertram Park

The Hon. Mrs. Charles McLaren, wife of Lord Aberconway's eldest son, has an attractive little daughter, Julie, seen on the left. The Hon. Charles McLaren, who is serving in the Royal Artillery, married Miss Deirdre Kneustub, daughter of Mr. John Kneustub, in 1941



Compton Collier

Mrs. A. V. Harvey, seen with her son, Philip, is the wife of G/Capt. A. V. Harvey, who commanded the County of Surrey Squadron (A.A.F.) before the war, and later took the Squadron to France. Mrs. Harvey is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Dunnett, of Brook House, Park Lane



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Humphrey Sykes was before her marriage in 1936 Miss Grizel MacEwen and is the eldest daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. N. D. K. MacEwen. Her husband is the second son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. H. R. Sykes, and nephew of Viscount Maësereene and Ferrard. They have three children, Jane, Richard and Alexander



Compton Collier

Mrs. Eustace Maxwell, with her children, Diana and Michael, was photographed at Fermyn Hall, Northampton, home of her mother, Mrs. Bellville, who is running it as a nursery school. Mrs. Maxwell is the wife of Major. Eustace Maxwell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who is a great-grandson of the late Sir Herbert Maxwell of Monreith

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SINCE the only good rhymes to Manx are tanks, pranks, spansks, ranks, planks, banks, thanks, and Gollancz, there's not much point in essaying a ballade or Chant-Royal we had in mind on the news that our Celtic brethren of the Isle of Man are demanding Home Rule, quite seriously.

Even the eminent Breton scholar Charles Le Goffic, who is so keen on the Pan-Celtic movement, has nothing to say about the dim and dubious islanders of Man except that in the 1900's 12 per cent. of them spoke "the Celtic sub-dialect known as Manx," that they have a sort of bogus autonomy, that their island was once the realm of the Celtic god Manaanan, and that the British Government bought them from the Duke of Atholl (of all people) in 1765. Our further information is that the chief Manx industry apart from Hall Caine is, or was, taking money off brassy-voiced citizens of Manchester on the spree, for which purpose a million boarding-houses at Douglas face the steamers in normal years as they finish that uncomfortable crossing which made even Arnold Bennett pale, sick, and relatively humble.

Footnote

WE'VE been trying to discover in your behalf why the Duke of Atholl owned the Manx in the 18th century. An authority tells us his Grace kept them to entertain his guests on wet days, as stockbrokers keep little actresses. Whether they used to sing, dance, make faces, hang by their toes, imitate Garbo, or recite "If" and "Black Butterflies" was not stated. Whatever they

did, they seem to have kept the contemporary Duchess's mind off what people were saying about the fearful wickedness of Spain, which must have been a relief.

Banner

CRITICISING the goings-on of the Boer Nationalist or Voortrekker party, a chap forgot their most odious crime to date, namely their so ruthlessly barracking the last M.C.C. team to visit South Africa that police had to guard the Johannesburg ground.

Everyone is aware that the M.C.C. very nearly sent out Old Glorybags to shame and quell these outsiders. This historic pair of W. G. Grace's Sunday pants, flown from Lord's Pavilion flag-staff at Test matches, is never hoisted, as cricket fans know, without the solemn massed singing of Lord Tennyson's anthem:

O Glorybags, Old Glorybags,
Most sacred, dim, and hoary bags,
Pride-of-our-Island-Story bags,
We raise our caps to thee;
In spotless flannels pure and tall
The horse-faced heroes face the call,
Except when rain begins to fall,
Or fighting stops for tea.

This famous M.C.C. flag must not be confused with Trumper's shirt, which is flown at County matches. This was the shirt Trumper chivalrously tore off at the wicket in 1897 to fling round a beautiful woman who was being pestered on the pitch by



"Personally, I'll believe it when I see it"

one of I Zingari slow bowlers. The shirt was later lost in the wash and restored by national subscription.

Farceur

ARCHITECTS being terribly serious-minded old sobersides, it was not surprising that more than one obituary of Sir Edwin Lutyens commented on his intermittent frivolity.

The only time we ever met Lutyens we noted this. After luncheon (it was at Brighton) he began doing comic drawings on torn envelopes. One was a little man in a bathtub with movable legs, dancing. Another was the pavilion on the Palace Pier as it would look if designed in a bad temper by (a) George IV., and (b) Harry Preston. All the time Lutyens talked incessantly, making frightful puns and drawing at a pipe which was rarely alight. His temperament was merry, and most of the R.I.B.A. boys probably find it difficult to explain New Delhi and the Metropolitan Cathedral of Liverpool on this account. As we pointed out recently to one of them, the anonymous architects of the stupendous Gothic cathedrals were also fundamentally merry. Many of their gargoyles are obvious caricatures of local big-bonnets. On the walls of Chartres there is a cow playing a viol and an ass playing the hurdygurdy, quite in the Lutyens manner. When they did not like a bishop they showed him in stonework being pitchforked into Hell over the main door. The famous Smiling Angel of Rheims is another example.

Solution

THE explanation (we added kindly) is simple enough—the medieval architects were, like Lutyens, strong artists at ease in a splendid medium and defying Time, not scrubby little "functional" yahoos creating purely temporary and commercial trash. This did not go down very well with the R.I.B.A. boy, but we find architects generally difficult to talk to. Laughing remarks

(Concluded on page 78)



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"We've been told to report here for War Work"



Capt. George Waite, captain of the *San Demetrio*, saw the private view of the film with his wife



Mr. Michael Balcon came with Mrs. Balcon. He produced this magnificent film at Ealing Studios



Cdr. Jarratt and Mr. Stephen Courtauld, chairman of Ealing Studios, are seen with Tennyson Jesse (behind), who wrote the official account for the film

An Epic of the Sea

Private View of the First
British Picture of 1944,
"San Demetrio, London"

San Demetrio, London, showing at the Regal, is a semi-documentary film of incredible heroism at sea. Produced by Michael Balcon and directed by Charles Frend, it tells the story of the tanker *San Demetrio*, loaded with American petrol and set ablaze during the Jervis Bay action in 1940, and of how she was finally brought safely home to a British port by fifteen survivors of her crew

Photographs by Swaebe



Air-Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton and Mrs. Eastwood sat together. He is Air Member for Personnel



Admiral James, who received the G.C.B. in the New Year's Honours, talked to Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, Second Sea Lord



Lord Brabazon, former Minister of Transport, and of Aircraft Production, and Lady Brabazon were with Admiral Kinnair



M. Feodor Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador in London, saw the film with Mme. Gusev



A trio in the Foyer were Cdr. Casey, Lord Bruntisfield, and Miss J. M. Woolands, W.R.N.S.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

on the goings-on of their wives don't please them, for instance.

Festa

DURING that moment of emotional, reciprocal back-slapping by the railway boys recently (for *they* are jolly good fellows) over their war service in 1943 there was little or no singing, our spies report. We've learned since that this was because the railway boys think there are no good songs about them, which is a sad error. There are railway songs of love and songs of hate and songs of what the troops call pure bloody misery.

A reader has since been kind enough to assert that his brother-in-law heard our song about the lovesick station-master being sung by the combined directorates at the Ministry of Transport. We don't know if you remember the refrain, which has a first line by Kipling:

Romance brings up the 9.15

When Passion lights the track,
And when it's hung around a bit,

Romance can take it back,
For Love has crowned the Chef de Gare

With a glorious diadem,
And he doesn't care what the trains may do—
It's damned well up to them.

(With increasing fervour)

Oh, listen, trains, go climb a tree,

Or stay just where you are,

For Love's eternal mystery

Has crazed the Chef de Gare,

(Whistle: Pip, pip!)

The wild-eyed Chef de Gare.

Actually it's a Southern Railway song, as its erotic nature indicates, but women play the devil with station-masters equally on other systems, we guess.

Gesture

A HULL citizen having written to the *Times* saying the Hull police are marvellous, a Sheffield citizen wrote next day saying the Sheffield police are simply superb. Both citizens are now sitting pretty for 1944, we guess. Hoi, Joe, lay off. Okay, Alf. Sorry, sir.

One day in France a chap told us a graceful thing to do, every time the police stamped our *carte d'identité*, would be to ask casually what the principal local police charity was and to subscribe a few hundred francs on the spot, making sure the inspector entered our name and address correctly in the subscription-book. We had previously noted ourselves that a dazzling Oriental potentate who lived in a great chateau outside St. Germain-en-Laye—dear little old town, so full of Stuart ghosts—had put himself down on the local list that January for what looked like fifty, or maybe fifty million, lakhs of francs. This munificence greatly impressed us and we often mentioned it to our

friend, who was in the wine trade.

"It is magnificent!"

"Yes, indeed."

"It is one of the seven corporal works of mercy!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Thus to alleviate the lot of so many policemen's widows, so many hapless orphans, is an example to all!"

"Yes, indeed."

He would then light a cigarette and say, apropos of nothing, "I see they've arrested the usual foreigner over that little affair in the Rue Fontaine," and we'd say "Oh?" and he'd say, "Curious habit the police in every country on earth have of looking round for the nearest foreigner," and we'd laugh heartily (*quelle blague!*) and part.

Figure

APPARENTLY the town of Korosten, near Kiev, lately wrecked by the Germans, was first burned out in A.D. 946 by Olga, widow of Prince Igor of Kiev, who employed a Byzantine trick with homing pigeons carrying phosphorus. Having heard Chaliapin sing Igor, we guess she felt lonely and quiet without him and had to start something.

When the present fighting gets into

Boris Godounov's country many more Chaliapin memories will bob up for music-lovers.

Marina's chateau, just over the Polish frontier, before which that lovely moonlight-and-torchlight mazurka is danced, is probably still there; possibly also, the successor of the inn on the Lithuanian border from which Boris makes his last-minute escape by the window. Also the forest where the trumpets sound and the Idiot sings in the falling snow of Russia's doom. We often wondered incidentally why the most enchanting of Russian operas had no real villain until we came across the unexpurgated original score. There you find Orthodoxy on its high horse and a Polish Jesuit plotting with the Princess Marina against Holy Russia, the gulf between Poland and Russia, in the Middle Ages as now, being an unplumbable abyss.

When, in extreme old age, we tell somebody's grandchildren that we once saw and heard an international star of grand opera who was not short and stout and grotesque and bandy and acting like a stick, but tall and handsome and splendid and romantic and an actor to his finger-tips, possessing also a stupendous voice, those toddlers will probably spit in our eye, and we don't blame them. The same thing will happen when we say we once knew the legendary James ("Boss") Agate.

"Tu l'as vu, Grandpère?—
Tu l'as vu?
Ercher!"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"That reminds me—I heard from my old woman this morning"



"I see you in a long passage—knee deep in paper—and a little boulder hat rolling along, getting nearer and nearer . . ."



The Earl of Rosebery: Regional Commissioner for Scotland

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Lord Rosebery, whose name is chiefly known to the general public as a popular sportsman, has been Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence in Scotland since 1941, when he succeeded Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P., to whom he had been Deputy at the Scottish Regional Headquarters at Edinburgh since 1940. As Lord Dalmeny, he was elected Liberal M.P. for Midlothian in 1906, retiring from Parliament and from the Liberal Party in 1910. Lord Rosebery served in the last war with the Grenadier Guards in France, Belgium and Egypt, being wounded and mentioned four times in despatches, receiving the D.S.O., M.C., and the Legion of Honour for his services. He owns a remarkable racing stable, and his horse, Blue Peter, won the Derby in 1939. He is a Steward of the Jockey Club, was Master of Whaddon Chase Hunt for many years, and in his youth achieved distinction as a footballer and a cricketer.

Left: Round the table at Scottish Regional H.Q. were Major R. Barclay-Brown, O.B.E., Senior Regional Officer for Scotland; Mr. M. M. Dobbie, Principal Officer to Regional Commissioner; the Earl of Rosebery, D.S.O., M.C.; Mr. W. Quin, Deputy Regional Commissioner; Mr. J. Gibson, Deputy Principal Officer; Mr. J. H. Loudon, Private Secretary to Regional Commissioner.



Act I. is no longer the, conventional, somewhat uninteresting introduction to the ballet which it has sometimes seemed, but a prelude over which the spell of magic is at once cast by the fantasy of Hurry's set. Here the Princess Mother (Joy Newton) speaks to Siegfried (Robert Helpmann) of his intended marriage. The old tutor (right) is Ray Powell, Benno is Leslie Edwards, the Court Ladies, who wear some of the loveliest dresses in the ballet for their brief appearance, are Julia Farron, Lorna Mossford, Moyra Fraser and Moira Shearer



Still further from convention is moonlit water and rocks and the imagination into a deeply glowing glimmer of the swan motif. Fonteyn) is torn by the moon



It is just six years since Margot Fonteyn, then eighteen, first danced the full-length Odette-Odile role; nine years since Robert Helpmann first appeared as Siegfried, with Alicia Markova as the Swan Queen. To-day the partnership of Fonteyn and Helpmann is remarkable for its perfect timing, mutual confidence and creative understanding of the inherent drama of a classical pas de deux

“Le Lac des Cygnes”

The New Sadler's Wells Production

● Three years ago, when the Sadler's Wells Ballet was homeless without an orchestra, and with the certain prospect of losing all their young male dancers, the idea of putting on a new, first-class production of a four-act classical ballet during the war would have seemed to most people a hopeless dream. However, last September that is what took place. Leslie Hurry was asked to design scenery and dresses for the new production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* not long after he had completed his first theatrical work—the decor for Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet*. The result is a setting worthy not only of the quality of the Company's and, in particular, their ballerina's performance, but of the ballet itself, which, choreographically, dramatically and musically, is one of the loveliest and best-loved inheritances from the nineteenth century

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



While Odile, the Magician's daughter, tricks the Prince into thinking she is the Swan Queen with whom he has fallen in love, the Swan herself appears outside the arched windows of the palace, vainly appealing against the treachery of Von Rothbart and Siegfried's too easy deception



Setting for Act II. and Act IV., where the realism have been transformed by the artist's sign of green and blue, subtly pervaded by a in Act IV., the Swan Queen (Margot) led Out Magician from Siegfried's arms



For Act III. Hurry has designed a magnificent fairy-tale ballroom, soaring into a perspective of fan-vaulting, full of colour and light, and yet haunted, as the scene's story is haunted, by the swan. And the costumes are equally splendid: in particular the ceremonial white of the pas de trois dancers (Joan Sheldon, Alexis Rassine, Margaret Dale), the green and red and white of the Mazarka, and the infinitely becoming ball dresses of the Fiancées (right)



For the ballroom scene, Hurry has designed for both the Prince and Odile dresses of black, embroidered with gold, a brilliantly effective innovation to emphasise, by contrast with the festive splendour of the court, Siegfried's sombre ennui, the evil beauty of Odile. Fonteyn and Helpmann, dancing the Third Act pas de deux here, now share the leading roles in "Lac" with Beryl Grey and David Paltenghi



The painted swans have gone which used to indicate Odette's change from bird to woman, woman to bird, replaced now by the more convincing mime of Siegfried as he watches the swans' flight in approach and departure. But the essential magic boat still carries Odette and the Prince to their kingdom under the waves in the transformation scene ending which is typical of a Tchaikowsky ballet

Three Children and Their Mother

At Home in Surrey

Mrs. Ririd Myddelton and her family of three are living near Chobham, in Surrey, where these pictures were taken. Their home, Chirk Castle, North Wales, is let at the present time. Mrs. Myddelton, only daughter of the late Major Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne and of Lady Violet Astor, married in 1931 Major Ririd Myddelton, Coldstream Guards, then Assistant Master of H.M.'s Household. They have three children, David, Hugh and Fiona

Photographs by Swaebe



Sunshine in Surrey: at the Front Door



David, Hugh and Fiona Myddelton



Fiona on Her White Pony



Paying a visit to Mrs. Myddelton and her children were Lady Carew Pole and her daughters, Elizabeth and Caroline, who use bicycles as a means of transport



Hugh is Already a Good Horseman

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Another Over "The VIIIth"

"Is it possible you know all their names?" I asked Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs, of Cockolorum Castle, of Mr. Jorrocks, when he caught his first glimpse of the famous Handley Cross Hounds. "Quite possible!" retorted the renowned M.F.H. with ill-concealed scorn at the staymaker's crass ignorance. "Knowing all their names" was the real secret of the success of the former Commander of the Eighth Army, and I somehow feel that his successor is going to use the same fine recipe, for when I met one of the family, his younger brother, during the period when, thanks to some confiding persons who, believing that Germany was a sucking dove, scrapped the finest Navy, the finest Army, and the finest Air Force in the world, the idea that was imparted was "thorough," for this brother of The Chieftain, I gathered, was thinking of taking on a pack of hounds and spared no pains to find out how to do it. It is such a fine moral discipline! Someone told me that what they said of Sir Oliver at the Staff College at Quetta was that he worked like a beaver and left nothing to chance. He was such a good instructor, because the instructed soon found out that he knew. No one ever listens to anyone who only pretends to know, and very often that class of customer gets caught out off the first ball of the first over. The new C.O. of the Immortal Eighth is a Coldstream Guard, and his two brothers are also, or were, in Monck's Foot. The motto is "Nulli Secundus!"

"Germanicus"

THE following very interesting letter has come to me from Mr. John A. Hirst, the breeder of that good steed Germanicus, who is owned by Mr. T. Lant and who won, *inter alia*, the Newmarket Cesarewitch (2 miles 24 yards—pre-war distance, 2½ miles) carrying the steadier of 9 st. 9 lb., beating the runner-up, Emerald, 8 st. 4 lb. Germanicus is a gelding and only eight years old; and so in one of these notes I suggested that he might have

a great future before him over obstacles, and was just the type to win a National. I am glad to find that the breeder concurs. Here is Mr. Hirst's letter—

A friend has just called my attention to references in various articles of yours in *The Tatler*, in which you refer to the apparently unfortunate naming of Germanicus. As the breeder of the horse, and the person responsible for his christening, I feel I ought to tell you how I came to give him a name which many may think indicates some sympathy or admiration on my part for things German.

Quite the reverse, for after the Germans demolished all standards in 1914, by their dastardly crime of going through Belgium—and incidentally tearing up the "Scrap of Paper"—I always felt a deep loathing for them, and this had not subsided in the least degree by the time we came to name our Colorado Kid—Miss Dewar foal of 1936.

About that time I was reading *I Tiberius*, or some other Roman narrative, and was much intrigued to find that the great Roman General Germanicus—brother of the Emperor Claudius—commanded the Roman Legions in Germany, and had not only conquered that country, but had gone through it with "Fire and Sword." This appealed greatly to me, and as the name was available, it was given without delay to the son of a very genuine horse and a stoutly-bred mare.

I am sure you will be interested in the above explanation, and also in the fact that I suggested to Mr. Lant a year or two ago that he probably had just the horse for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and then the "National."

The General

GERMANICUS CÆSAR, the General, laid the German tribes between the Rhine and the Elbe out stone-cold in A.D. 11-17, and if intrigue and jealousy on the part of Tiberius, his uncle, had not caused his recall to Rome, would have finished the job. If he had been left in his command for even one year longer, the entire German race might have been extirpated with a resultant advantage to posterity which is hardly calculable. Tiberius, Emperor of



C.-in-C. Home Forces

General Sir Harold Franklyn, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., previously G.O.C. Troops in Northern Ireland, now C.-in-C., Home Forces, commanded a Division in France in 1940, taking part in one of the crucial actions of the Dunkirk campaign

Rome A.D. 14-37, was a bloodthirsty ruffian. He was eventually smothered. Let us hope that we may soon find another Germanicus, and that no one will recall him till he has finished the business that his prototype began, for the world has had much more than it wants of the Teutones. Anyway, good luck to the equine "Germanicus."

Block-Busted

SOMEONE in a very good position to know has told me that the whole corner of the Wilhelmstrasse, where it abuts on to Unter Den Linden, has been liquidated. The Wilhelmstrasse is the last turning on the left going towards the Brandenburger Tor, which leads into the Tiergarten, and if the whole block

(Concluded on page 84)



Inter-Squadron Sports Prize-giving

Victor Hey

At an R.A.F. Initial Training Wing Christmas party in the North-East, W/Cdr. Jordan presented a cup to S/Ldr. Tyrell Martin, O.C. the winning squadron in the inter-squadron sports. S/Ldr. Tyrell Martin is a well-known Cambridge half-Blue, and captained the England polo team against America



An Inventor and His Family

G/Capt. Frank Whittle, thirty-six-year-old inventor of the revolutionary jet-propelled and propellerless aeroplane, was photographed at home during the week-end with his wife and sons, David and Ian. G/Capt. Whittle has been working on his invention for many years



Rugger Match at Richmond: The South Public Schools Beat the North

D. R. Stuart

The Southern Public Schools XV., who won the match by 17 points to 3: (on ground) G. D. Evans (Dulwich), J. V. Fontannaz (Dover); (sitting) M. D. Corbett (Downside), J. B. Goodliffe (Dulwich), F. J. Lyall (Hon. Team Secretary), W. H. J. Summerskill (Harrow; captain), G. W. Weston (Merchant Taylors), P. T. Humphries (R. N. College, Dartmouth); (standing) P. M. Healy (Douai), D. S. Todd (Clifton), B. D. S. Dunhill (St. Paul's), W. M. T. Holland (Marlborough), T. E. N. Hart (Cranbrook), Colonel B. L. Sutcliffe (referee)



The Northern Public Schools XV., who were beaten on the Old Deer Park Ground: (on ground) F. G. C. Brown (Uppingham), D. W. Williamson (Bromsgrove); (sitting) M. R. Steele-Bodger (Rugby), N. J. D. Williams (Rugby), J. Fairgrieve (Haileybury), Mr. R. G. Graham, J. Leckie (Merchiston; captain), I. M. Webster (Worksop), S. A. Grieff (Mount St. Mary's); (standing) P. H. Courtenay (Ellesmere), Linesman ———, W. D. C. Lyddon (Wrekin), S. N. Anderson (Glenalmond), C. H. K. Maltby (Clayesmore), P. Penniston (St. Peter's, York)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

has gone, this includes Berlin's star hotel, the Adlon, very familiar, no doubt, to many people. When I was there last it was winter, and I thought it was quite the smelliest place I had ever struck. It was over-central-heated and hermetically sealed, for nothing would induce them to open the double windows, and it seemed to be inhabited, principally, by people who looked exactly like middle-white pigs, and who made noises and devoured their food with sounds appropriate to an agricultural show. I was told that the Adlon was the favourite haunt of the Berlin plutocrat, but that the Junkers and the soldiers much preferred the Kaiserhof. That I see has also been block-busted, for I read that the roof is off. If the Wilhelmstrasse has got it so badly, I should think that it is probable that the Berliner's "Oxford Street," the Schillerstrasse, may also have been laid waste; because it is practically within biscuit shy. The big bar and smoking-room of the Adlon, on the left as you go in, was usually full of the demi-

monde, and appeared to be a sort of clearing-house for the Profession, and to be recognised as one of the hotel's added attractions! It was all a bit too blatant, but the Square Heads seemed to think that it was quite en règle, and the hall-porter, as I have no doubt, found the arrangement most lucrative. And this was Berlin star hotel! There was another dive, to which we were taken, because it was the G.H.Q. of "starving" Berlin's Nacht-Leben, a casino-cabaret place, name of which I cannot remember, but it was somewhere near the Sport-Palast. It was the favourite haunt of the Lads of the Village and their female opposite numbers. The din was terrific; the smoke-screen made to match, all the food excellent, and the Lady Wine Waitresses, blonde dreams. Their kit was a bit more than summery—black silk stockings, plus one transparent garment, very short. Their whatsernames were the only "short" things there: champagne (Henkel-Trocken) about double present London war figure, and even a baby Corona cost you the equivalent of seven-and-six. A real Thieves' Kitchen!

Queer Houses

WHILST, as was herein said, vis-à-vis Christ-mas, ghosts seem to prefer the very oldest and draughtiest houses, we all of us know quite moderately modern abodes which have the most uncomfortable ways. There are houses in which (especially on hunting mornings when you want to dress in a hurry) you dare not put a thing down—the gold safety-pin which goes in your tie, for instance—or it will immediately disappear, and then, after you have wasted ten minutes looking for the damn thing, sits up and barks at you in the very spot you have searched at least half-a-dozen times. No one is ever able to be in time for anything in these "queer" houses, and everyone is more than usually snappish until the sun is well over the masthead—the freshly-made toast at once turns itself into broken bottles; the after-the-chasse bath, which was too scalding to get into, turns a sickly tepid if you let the cold tap run for even half a minute; everything is always in a place where it can be knocked over; there is always a feeling round and about that someone is keeping his eye on you; if you go to sleep on the proper (bed-lamp) side, it is almost any odds that when you are awakened by the tinkle of the tea-cup, you will find that Someone, or Something, has rolled you all the way across the vast bed to the other side. Yet, if you dared to suggest that there was a haunt, they would revile you and say something uncouth about your dislike of water as a beverage. But that there is Miching Mallecho about in these uncanny edifices I am certain; Nicholas and Co. at work for a ducat to a doughnut!



Junior Lawn Tennis Match

Finalists in the mixed doubles played at Queen's Club were S. D. Lester and Miss Janet Morgan, beaten by Miss Jean Quartier and D. C. Miller, winners



A Rackets Final and Exhibition Match for the Red Cross

Playing in the exhibition match at Queen's Club were D. S. Milford (World Champion), Lt.-Cdr. R. Grant (Open Champion of U.S.A.), Major C. S. Crawley (British Doubles Champion), and A. G. Cooper (British Professional Champion)



H. M. Webb (Winchester) beat A. Ward (Eton) in the Public Schools Racket Handicap final at Queen's Club, Kensington



The First Irish Race Meeting of 1944 at Baldoye, Dublin

Miss Grania Kennedy, W.A.A.F., and Lt. P. A. Reilly were in the paddock. She is a sister of Viscountess Jocelyn and a pre-war follower of the Killing Kildares

Capt. Dennis Eccles, Royal Irish Fusiliers, escorted his wife to the races. He is a well-known Irish G.R., and son of a former Master of the Meath Hounds

Sporting Events



Three more Irish racegoers were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Levins-Moore (he is Master of the Ward Union Staghounds) and Mrs. Bryan Marshall



Keeping Down the Fox in England

Caught by the camera at a recent meet of the Croome Hounds at Upton-on-Severn were Lt.-Col. Johnstone, Mr. Langham Miller, M.F.H., and Mrs. Fred Rimell, wife of the steeplechase jockey, Fred Rimell. Mr. Miller is Joint-Master of the Croome with the Countess of Coventry

Right: The famous Irish greyhound, Fawn Cherry, winner of the Irish Puppy Derby, competed in the New Year Stakes at the White City. Here he is with the kennelman, Gill, and the trainer, W. D. Bridgwood



Fawn Cherry Competes in London

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

More to Say

"WHAT," exclaimed the friend who came in while I was reading, "not still another book about Queen Victoria? Surely there is not anything more to say?" You might think so. The Queen has been studied from many angles, and pictured in different, not always flattering, lights. The events of her reign have not only been placed on record, but often and ingeniously reinterpreted; and her life, on whose right to privacy she insisted with such vigour, has been made available to the public—it is now as fenceless as any park. Queen Victoria, in her day, stood up to a frank and critical Press, which went, in its comments, to lengths not dreamed of in our later, otherwise more disrespectful, age. What would she have made, I should like to know, of the books about her that have been appearing within the last twenty-five years?

Not that these have been disrespectful, but they are attempts at judgment; and Queen Victoria, living, was not accustomed to being judged. She could, it appears, use irony now and then, but would not have cared to have irony turned on her. And Queen Victoria, one must remember, was a Victorian: she considered it her prerogative, both as woman and queen, to be emotional, and emotion of any kind was, to her, at once questionable and sacrosanct. She would, I imagine, have been most shocked by the apparent cold-bloodedness of her modern biographers. If she could be, liked to be, and was, *prima donna*-ish (a side of her much to the fore in the recently published Ponsonby papers), she felt, for her own queenly status, an immense respect she expected others to share.

In 1897 [the second Jubilee], to spare the Queen fatigue, the rallying-point was St. Paul's Cathedral, and it was suggested that the royal carriage might be driven up an inclined plane through the centre aisle to halt under the dome; another bright idea was that for convenience' sake the statue of Queen Anne might be temporarily shifted. Both proposals were peremptorily negatived; Queen Victoria, however lacking in consideration for other people's convenience, was, as regards herself, endowed with a common sense which ran almost to the edge of genius; she would remain seated in state outside the great west door and Anne was to stand fast on her plinth. "If," she said, "I allow Queen Anne to be moved about, the same liberty may hereafter be taken with my own statues."

The above is an extract from Sir George Arthur's *Concerning Queen Victoria and Her Son* (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), and illustrates, I think pretty fairly, the author's method, and attitude to his royal subject. Acumen, regard for the implications of detail and unostentatious discretion prevail throughout. The title may rouse one kind of mischievous curiosity that the book itself stoutly refuses to satisfy: those who expect an exposé of

Queen Victoria's sometimes tense and often delicate relations with her eldest son will be disappointed. What might be called the pathology of family life, whether royal or otherwise, is these days constantly studied: it has not been studied here. Sir George Arthur prefers to exhibit two royal careers running, one might say, concurrently. That Prince of Wales who was to reign—late in life and for too short a time—as Edward VII. accomplished much before he came to the throne. It is not on the Prince's frustrations, but on his achievements, in spite of everything, that the author lays stress. At the same time, the playing of a secondary royal role for a born king was not easy; neither was the position of the mature heir of an exceptionally dominating mother. The difficulties have been, by Sir George Arthur, suggested, but never anatomised.

Fighting Temeraire

THE QUEEN, one gathers, was dominated, sometimes unfortunately, by her jealous regard for her dead husband's memory; she endeavoured to build up for the Prince Consort, retrospectively, a popularity, a hold on the hearts of her subject, that during his life he had not enjoyed. Prince Albert's many and real good qualities had been cancelled out, for the people, by his Germanic stiffness. But his widow still wanted for him a sort of posthumous reign; it was hard for her to see any man,



Examining the John Burns Collection

The John Burns collection of London books has been presented to the London County Council by Lord Southwood. Here Lord Southwood (centre) is showing one of the smallest treasures to Mr. Ernest Bevin under the watchful eye of Mr. Reginald H. Pott, Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C. They are in the library at County Hall

even his eldest son, fill (and fill so well) what she felt to be Albert's place.

Everything with regard to her late Consort, even his nationality being admirable, the Queen saw all things Germanic *couleur de rose*, till she came into conflict with Bismarck and his designs. This feeling for Germany affected her when it came to her daughters' marriages: "What," says Sir George Arthur, "would have been Victoria's amazement had she been told that when, in 1914, England accepted Germany's haughty challenge, only six of her descendants would be in arms to champion England, while five grandsons and a round half-dozen of great-grandsons would be mustered on the enemy's roll?" Her kindness to the French Emperor, Napoleon III., was un-failing, and she had a real affection for the beautiful Eugénie: apart from this, she saw little to recommend France. The Prince of Wales was, on the other hand, strongly Francophile. Russia the Queen mistrusted; and she was, to put it mildly, out of sympathy with the Italian Risorgimento. Not few were the times when, given these likes and dislikes, she did not, in matters of European policy, see eye-to-eye with her Government. Through the story of her reign, with its many decisions, Sir George Arthur has traced, very interestingly, the always powerful element of the Queen's will. In Imperial matters, this was equally present. Her interest in the Army, her Low Church principles, coupled with tolerance towards Roman Catholics, her detestation of the Republicanism that even in England was raising its head—all are shown in this study of the Queen in action. Her naïveté and her shrewdness, her susceptibilities and her greatness, have been rendered equally and well. What mainly emerges is, she was a dauntless fighter; if she did not make others' ways easy, her own was not. Closing with an account of her last journey,

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

GIVEN a fire in your bedroom, kindly but strictly unobtrusive

attention, plenty of books, with a good light on the wall behind your bed, and a slight, yet definitive, attack of 'flu can be a blessing in disguise. In these days, it is just about the only chance your conscience gives you to enjoy a respite and a rest. And if only the harrowing hangover, during which you must resume the daily grind, did not last so long, much could be said in favour of influenza's milder touch. For one thing, it is not a popular complaint to visit. No one breezily enters your bedroom to cheer you up. You are left severely alone and thus miss the information that the death-rate from the disease is soaring upwards. Nobody sympathetically warns you to take "the greatest care of yourself," because they know so many people who didn't and who consequently died forthwith.

To repeat therefore—a fire in your bedroom, plenty of books, with a good light, and a slight touch of the 'flu only just avoids being a red-letter day in these years of war and boredom. For if nobody loves an influenza victim, certainly no influenza victim loves anybody. It has that effect upon people. Which, in my own case, makes books come into their very own. And, when I write "books" as a background to influenza, I really only mean six or seven. They are all written by the same hand, and those to whom she is part of life itself think of

By Richard King

her lovingly as "Jane"; the more pedantic as "Miss Austen."

In parenthesis, this brings me back to the question—can a complete Janeite ever really love an anti-Janeite? I doubt it. At any rate, the longer I live through war, the more thankful I am that none of Jane Austen's novels give even a hint of the warlike background against which they were actually written. It is because the world she reveals to us is so lifelike and yet so "un-dinged" by world conflicts that to step back into it is to step back into peace. After all, one even gets tired of one's own contemporaries who can never, even for an hour, get away from the "deadening" atmosphere which belongs to war. It usually gets nobody anywhere, and to talk and still get nowhere is a spiritually stultifying repetition at all times.

Thus, when at Christmas I lunched with a lady who not only provided champagne but soused her pudding in brandy, I enjoyed both, even though my conscience did strive to put on a poke-bonnet. After all, only death can rob us of pleasant memories. And they are these pleasant memories of things just past which help to cancel out the vague suspicion that the world has long been sinking back into barbarism, even though it be barbarism provided with every modern convenience—sinking back into it and not knowing it!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Webb — McNair Snadden

Capt. Napier Frederick Webb, The South Wales Borderers, son of Major and Mrs. S. N. C. Webb, of Co. Limerick, married Miss Rosemary Adele McNair Snadden, younger daughter of Mr. W. McNair Snadden, M.P., and Mrs. McNair Snadden, of Blair Drummond, Perthshire, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Loftus — Wootten

Lt. Nicholas Alastair Loftus, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, younger son of Mr. P. C. Loftus, M.P., and the late Mrs. Loftus, married Miss Prue Wootten, younger daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. R. M. Wootten, of Winston Glebe, Cirencester, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



Smith — Hall

Lt. Sydney Patrick Smith, R.A.M.C., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, of Kingsway, Hove, married Miss Angela Hall, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hall, of Wick Hall, Hove, at St. John's, Hove



Williamson — McMorrough Kavanagh

Compton Collier

The wedding of Lt. Alexander Fergus Forbes Williamson, R.N.V.R., and Miss Sabina Ann McMorrough Kavanagh, which took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was attended by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Lt. Williamson is the son of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Williamson, and his bride is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, of Crown Equerry's House, Windsor Castle



Lenarc

Mrs. F. C. Simms

Miss Sonia Beresford-Whyte, daughter of the late Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir William Beresford-Whyte and of Mrs. Sydney Baddeley, was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Capt. Francis Croston Simms, The Royal Warwickshire Regt., son of Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Simms, of Shortacre, Headley, Hants.



Bassano

Mrs. T. R. Edwards-Moss

Left: Miss Bridget Doreen Coke was married to Capt. Thomas Richard Edwards-Moss, Scots Guards, younger son of Mr. John Edwards-Moss, of Bowside Lodge, Strathly, Sutherland, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. She is the daughter of Major the Hon. Richard Coke, of Weasenham Hall, King's Lynn, and the Hon. Mrs. Doreen Coke, of 15, West Halkin Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

walking up St. James's Street one morning recently. Soon afterwards, I saw the Duchess of Marlborough, looking very elegant in her uniform of the Red Cross and St. John. Sitting together in the Ritz were the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel and the Hon. Eleanor Brougham; Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Cochran lunching with a friend; and Mrs. Ralph Medley, with her brother, Harry, celebrating his New Year promotion to Brigadier. Mrs. Medley's husband, Cdr. Ralph Medley, was awarded the D.S.O. nearly two years ago for distinguished services in taking convoys in and from Murmansk in the face of relentless attacks by enemy U-boats, aircraft and surface forces, but so far he has not been able to receive his decoration from the King. Active service has kept him so actively at sea that his shore leave has not yet synchronised with an Investiture. Sir Hugh Smiley, in khaki, was with his wife, who was wearing her hair in a red chenille snood; walking in Davies



Children's Party at the Hungaria

A party was given by Mr. Vecchi, manager of the Hungaria Restaurant, for the children of his clients. Above is the Countess of Cottenham with her daughters, Gillian, Davina and Marye, and Michael Webster, son of Capt. W. H. Webster

Street, I met Prince John Sapieha, who is in the Polish Air Force, and Desmond Leslie, who flies Spitfires as a sergeant-pilot and is a son of Shane Leslie, the author. Another well-known flying man—P/O. Len Chambers, D.F.C.—was at the May Fair dancing; it was he who sent out the thrilling message from W/Cdr. Gibson's Lancaster that the Mohne dam was well and truly burst, and that water was even then surging down the Ruhr Valley. Others at the May Fair included General Atapur, the Iranian Military Attaché, Lord Alness and the Duke of Devonshire. Theatre personalities there were Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, now a Colonel with the U.S. Army forces. In the foyer at Grosvenor House, now so excellently run by Johnny Piazzoni, were Jack Buchanan and a host of well-known men in the Big Business world. Like all other places which acquire a reputation for excellence of service and food, Johnny's is nearly always predominantly full of men.



The End of a Theatrical Tour

Swaebe

A luncheon took place at the Bagatelle to celebrate the end of a tour of "Queen Victoria," played to the Forces with Anna Neagle in the name-part. Round the table were Mr. Thomas Grice, Miss Edvina Moss, Mr. Gerald Hamilton, Mr. Herbert Wilcox, Lady Penelope Moss, Mr. Billy Milton and Miss Anna Neagle

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

Sir George Arthur asks: "Is it fanciful to remember Turner's great picture of 'The Fighting Temeraire' towed to her last berth bathed in a light glowing and serene—the heroine of a hundred fights who was about to enter a haven of perpetual rest?"

Distinction

"THE EXCLUSIVES," by William Buchan (Pilot Press; 3s. 6d.), is a slim volume of remarkable short stories. There are not more of them because their author, who is John Buchan's son, is now in the R.A.F. and is on service abroad. These four stories, written before the war, show the distinctive style, the sureness and the imaginative power of the born writer: reading them, one looks forward with confidence to the day when Mr. Buchan will be free to take up the pen again. Youth appears, in the best sense, in the freshness and truthfulness of the susceptibilities, and in the delicately self-mocking ring: the technique, however, is mature, and there is something ageless about the outlook on human nature—its perversities, its obstinate loves, its sometimes misguided courage.

"The Exclusives" (the story that names the book) is a gem of what one might call sympathetic malice. "Max Will Be Here Shortly" is a disturbing study of doom: the pitch of the atmosphere of the house, the Oxfordshire landscape round it, the group of waiting people, the early-autumn evening is kept from beginning to end, with a strange effect on one's nerves. In "Home is the Hunter" we see a young man pursued to the country retreat that promised and had been giving him so much, by all that he hoped he had left behind in London—first in the form of a group of appalling friends, then, in a neighbour, by emotion he dreaded most. . . . "At Alberto's" seems to me best of all; in the strangeness of its subject (two lovers who, in New York, inadvertently step through time), and in the verisimilitude, as well as the beauty, of the telling. As a whole, the collection reminds one that writing is an art, and, also, a form of exploration.

The Primate on Literature

IN *The Resources and Influences of English Literature* (National Book Council; 2s.) we have, in printed form, the lecture delivered in May of last year by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the first of an annual series inaugurated by the National Book Council. The importance of the series is underlined not only by Dr. Temple's delivery of this lecture, but by his opening remarks. He has undertaken, he says, a general survey, "in the hope that I may illustrate the illimitable resources of literature, and thus do a little towards encouraging any who have not yet turned to it for the joy and steadiness of the mind it can bring, to believe that there is, in that wide range that it covers, something for everyone, and therefore something for them."

Dr. Temple's view of literature is admirably and humanely wide: he begins with the Limerick (of which he provides us with three lively pleasing examples); proceeds to the detective story, then to the romantic novel, then to history and biography, then to poetry, lyrical and dramatic. As to each, he has something at once stimulating and pithy to say. And you may be, as I was, struck by his remarks on the teaching of literature in schools—how essential it is that, with the teacher, literature should be an enthusiasm, not merely a subject; how much wiser it is, in the teacher, to admit his own limitations, and how unfortunate is the rigidity of the course proscribed, too often, by coming examinations. Then there is the question of books, and how to obtain them, the particular relation established with books one actually owns; and the interest of building up, in the home, one's own library. All these new houses one hears of should, Dr. Temple urges, contain built-in bookshelves as a matter of course.

Picture-Book

ONE likes picture-books better and better; and, happily, they are many. *Drawn and Quartered*, a volume of drawings by Chas. Addams (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is to be recommended for its endearing blend of the domestic and the absolute macabre. In this the American draftsman, and Mr. Addams notably, excels. You smile, and your spine creeps at the same time. In the world of this artist anything may happen; and almost everything does. An octopus reaches out of a New York manhole, a lady skier leaves unaccountable tracks, a bored lady on a tropic veranda ignores the fact that a boa-constrictor has just swallowed her husband ("Don't mumble, George"), a business man takes to the tree-tops, carol-singers fail to delight a gagged-and-bound family, an Invisible Man takes his place in the Underground—and so on. Every scene depicted by Mr. Addams has an unnerving likeness of its own. In most cases, his characters are as prosaic as their misadventures are fantastic. But we have the delightful denizens of the haunted manor, whose mistress only quits its decaying portals to slip out and borrow a cup of cyanide.

Children in the Sun

"THOSE LITTLE ONES": The Diary of a Nurse, by Mavis Axtell (Alliance Press; 2s. 6d.), gives a happy account of wartime children and babies enjoying the hospitality of a friendly house. Here even the smallest baby has personality. The book is illustrated by some really exceptional child-photography.

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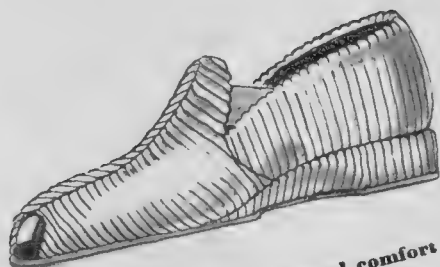
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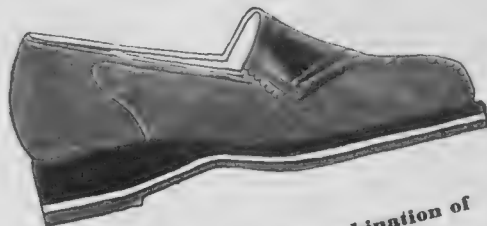
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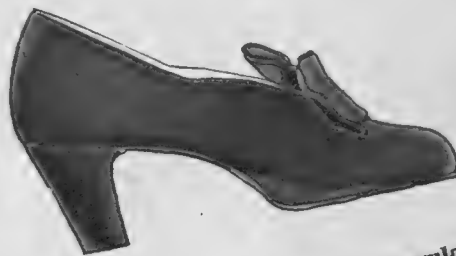


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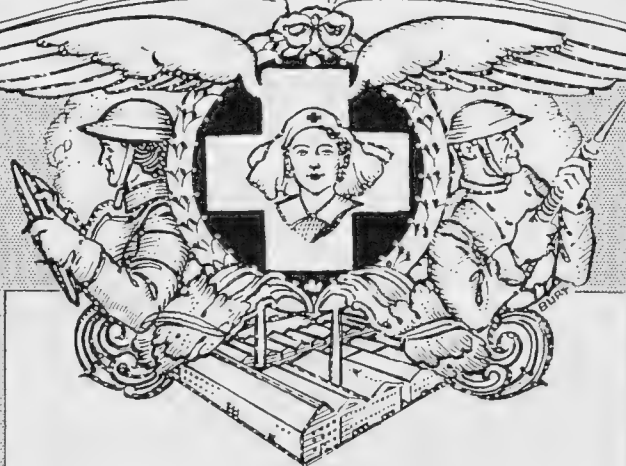


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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

EACH year for ten years Mrs. Jones had made her visit to the local church for the christening of the latest addition to the family, and each year she gave the new baby five names.

On the eleventh occasion the vicar, laboriously entering all the names in the book, felt he must protest.

"Now, Mrs. Jones," he told the proud mother, "we can't go on like this; you know. It's the eleventh year in succession that you come to me in this way, so next year you really must bring your own ink."

THE well-known American columnist, Walter Winchell, told this:—

When a private at Randolph Field, Texas, comes to a noncom. with a complaint, he is handed a mourning-bordered card which says:—

"Your trials and tribulations have broken my heart. They are unique. I have never heard of anything like them before. As proof of my deepest sympathy, I give you this card which entitles you to one hour of condolence."

THE magistrate was deaf, but certainly not deafier than the two men before him. The first man leaned forward.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "this man owes me a grocery bill amounting to twenty pounds, and refuses to pay it!"

The second deaf man sprang up.

"That's a lie!" he cried indignantly. "My dog didn't bite him."

There was a pause while the magistrate reviewed the situation, then he announced this decision.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I fully appreciate your feelings, but I can see no reason why you should not combine to support your mother."

A MAN'S worst critics are those of his own household, as someone said several centuries ago. But Flanagan, of Flanagan and Allen, thinks the remark is bang up to date.

The famous partnership had been touring among the troops and finding appreciative audiences in garrison theatres everywhere. But Flanagan can't forget how a misguided enthusiast took Flanagan's son to a show to see his father at work.

"How did you like it?" asked the enthusiast, after Flanagan's turn.

"Not bad," said Flanagan junior, "but I'm waiting for something funny to come on."

THE aproned figure at the sink gazed sadly at the accumulation of plates and dishes, pots and pans. Was this all that marriage meant?

A heavy sigh, a rolling-up of sleeves, and the kitchen was soon filled with the clatter of washing and scouring. The toiler paused from time to time to listen to the steady thrash of a typewriter in the next room.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a large, spectacled woman, lofty of brow, appeared in the doorway.

"Hercules, darling," she said, addressing the toiler, "I never can remember—do you spell 'cave man' with or without a hyphen?"



Alice Delysia Marries in London

Miss Alice Delysia was married at Caxton Hall to Cdr. René Kolb-Bernard, of the Fighting French Navy. For the past two and a half years she has been singing to troops in the Middle East, and first met her husband in 1940. He established the first French submarine-chaser base in the British Isles

Now and then the popular novelist's vanity got on the nerves of the critic.

"You know," said the author, compliment-hungry, as usual, "I get richer and richer, and my books are selling wonderfully. But sometimes I think my work is falling off. I don't think I write as well as I did."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the critic. "You write as well as you ever did. Your literary taste is improving, that's all."

THE sergeant was asking recruits why walnut was used for the butt of a rifle.

"Because it has more resistance," volunteered one man.

"Wrong!"

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong!"

"Perhaps it looks nicer than any other wood," volunteered another.

timidly.

"Don't be a fool," snapped the sergeant. "Simple because it was laid down in Regulations."

A CERTAIN American once spent a night at Saratoga Old Grand Union Hotel. The railroad station was directly below, and a switching engine kept shunting cars back and forth incessantly. Finally the hotel guest summoned the night clerk.

"Maybe you can tell me," he suggested, "what time this hotel reached Chicago!"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

The Grasshoppers Come

GRASSHOPPING, unlike grass mowing, is a pleasing hobby demanding no physical effort and causing satisfaction to almost everybody except cows and irate farmers. (Why, by the way, are all farmers always "irate"? Perhaps it is precisely because of the low-flying propensities of the more irresponsible pilots.) Nothing compares for pleasure travel with a gentle flight close to the ground over a well-known piece of countryside in a still summer's evening. It is the finest known kind of movement. It is a kind which must surely one day be allowed for even if only to a limited extent. But war does not encourage the development of many aircraft suited to this kind of aerial strolling. In fact, the flying *flâneur* is revolted at the thought of Spitfire speeds. His mind is on other matters.

There is, however, one kind of military aeroplane which might suit his purpose and which has lately begun to come into the news.



W/Cdr. Eric Norman Woods, D.F.C. and Bar (right), a Canadian pilot from Vancouver, whose Spitfire was badly damaged during a low level attack on lorries in Albania, managed in spite of this handicap to bring down a Ju 87. This feat brought his squadron's total of "kills" up to 200. With him here is S/Ldr. Kenneth Barry Debenham of Cambridge

It is the kind flown by the Army Air Observation Post squadrons. Apart from a report on the work of these machines in my own paper, little has appeared in public about them. In fact a brief account in *The Times* the other day was the first detailed statement I had seen. This mentioned that the first of these squadrons to be used in action was now with the Eighth Army. Its first action of all was with the First Army in Tunisia in November, 1942. Army Air Observation Post work was also highly successful in April, 1943, in the region of Oum-El-Abouab. These squadrons mostly used the Taylorcraft Auster. It originally appeared with the Cirrus ninety-horse-power engine, but now has the Gipsy Major and it is the kind of machine that might make a strong appeal to private aeroplane owners in

the future. It is small, light but easily handled, and not expensive to make. The view out of it is good and I believe it gives a fairly high degree of comfort for the size.

So military aviation does in this one field develop the kind of thing that might find a counterpart in peace. And it does so in one other way, which is the light communications aircraft. When the M-28 first appeared I commented on the fact that the Miles Company (it is no longer called Phillips and Powis, by the way) had got out the kind of machine that the private owner in search of a sort of Rolls-Royce of the air would probably like. It has all the latest equipment and looks delightful. But apart from light communications and air observation posts military flying does not minister very successfully to civil flying.

Rockets Again

To those of us who like to remain permanently in a state of polite but noticeable jitters it came as a disappointment to learn first of all from the Germans and then from a Swiss scientific worker that all the rocket stories were incorrect. It seems from these reports that the Germans have not got any rockets and do not intend to use any of the large kind that we expected and that the only rockets that have been successful are little things with about 20 lb. of explosive shot from one aeroplane on another. These statements are not, I feel, wholly satisfactory and I can reassure the professional jitterers that they should no more believe the Germans when they say they have not got any large rockets than when they say they have got them. The fact is that the rocket has been highly successful.

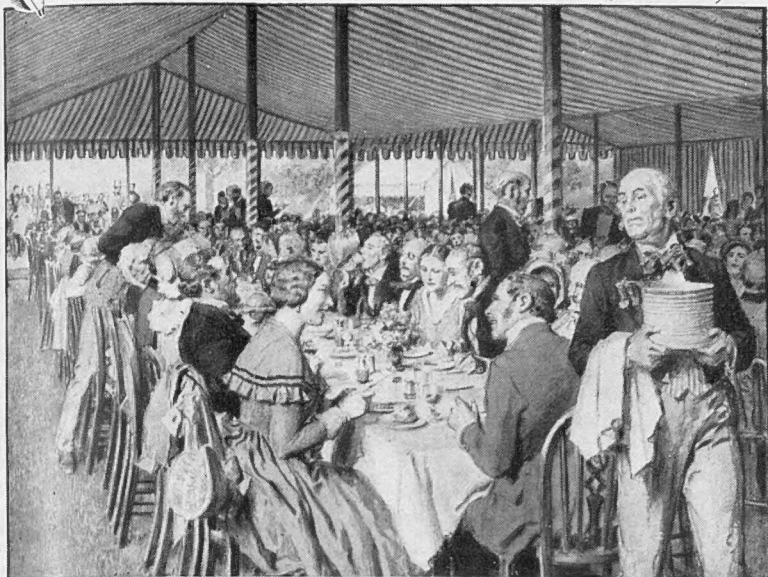
But scientific workers enjoy throwing down popular beliefs. When someone invents a thing like an aeroplane they like to write to *The Times* and tell in ponderous terms why such an invention is impossible. (This, of course, is a classic case and actually happened at the time A. V. Roe was flying.) They throw down almost everything that is suggested by the layman. In fact the layman, like the customer, in matters of invention, is always right and the scientific worker is always wrong. We may therefore assume with good justification that the rocket weapon is on the upgrade in development and will soon be seen in much more powerful form and much more extensive use.

Chaser Bombs

BUT as I have said before it is important to distinguish between the common Guy Fawkes rocket and the rocket-driven or chaser winged bomb. The public does not seem to be clear as to the distinction and therefore I want to repeat it. The winged bomb which the Germans have been reported as using in the Mediterranean against our shipping is not a rocket, but it is rocket driven. It is not a glider though it has wings. The fact is it is a small, pilotless aeroplane carrying a large explosive charge for its total weight. I prefer the term chaser bomb because it is more accurate than the other terms. Here again we have a weapon which I am sure scientific workers will say is impracticable, useless or mere fiction and which will certainly in fact develop at a rapid rate.

There has not been for many years any technical difficulty in producing a sound chaser bomb. We have the automatic pilot which will give it the necessary stability. We can direct it by radio for some distance at any rate, and even if it were possible to jam the radio direction the automatic pilot could be set to give a reasonably good aim, for after all that is nothing more than is required in the ordinary marine torpedo. All of which makes me repeat my warning that we ought not to believe too closely in the scientists when they are engaged on their special hobby of throwing out new ideas.

Threads from the loom of time



AN UNUSUAL COMING OF AGE

ALTHOUGH the foundation of Courtaulds dates back to 1816 the formation of the Company is reckoned from 1825 as a gesture towards the initiation in that year of a new and larger business.

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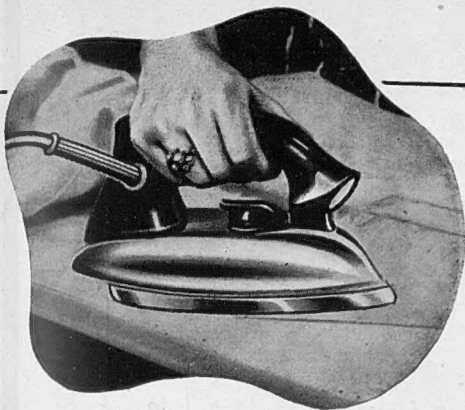
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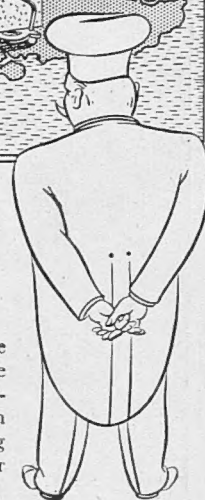
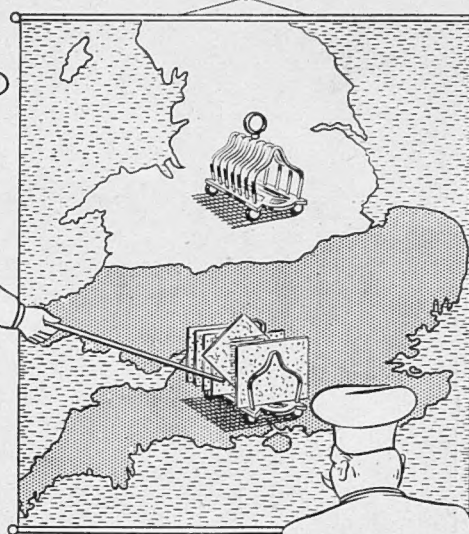
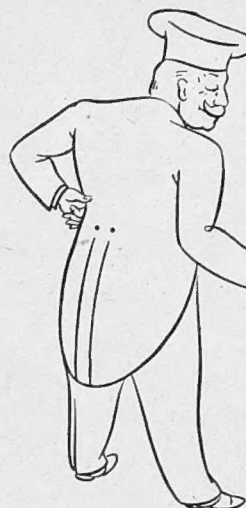
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"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"

Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK

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